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VOLUME IV   PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1931   NUMBER 10

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CENTER DOOR OF THE WEST PORTALS  
OF THE ABBEY CHURCH OF SAINT GILLES, GARD  
FRENCH ROMANESQUE—HALL OF ARCHITECTURE  
(See Page 315)

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

### THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME IV NUMBER 10  
MARCH 1931

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's tale.

—SHAKESPEARE, "The Winter's Tale"

—♦—

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From October to July. Every Saturday evening at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock. —CHARLES HEINROTH, Organist

—♦—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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#### BON JOUR, MR. HENDERSON!

Arthur Henderson, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in bringing France and Italy together in their naval dispute, has achieved a diplomatic triumph in the interest of world peace which is worthy of the finest traditions of British statesmanship. There were those who said, when the Labor Government came into power, that the days of great diplomacy had passed. But the spirit which made the British Empire is something which her sons breathe from her atmosphere, and Downing Street, with Ramsay MacDonald there, is still the seat of that power which was exercised so constructively in the days of Pitt, Peel, Salisbury, Disraeli, and Gladstone. No problem is too big. Mr. Henderson is now in Paris a second time to discuss with statesmen of France, Germany, Poland, and Italy the plan for a United States of Europe. With John Bull on Mr. Briand's side this great dream ought to come true.

#### "APPROBATION FROM SIR HUBERT"

I like your February number of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE very much, especially your review of Mary Gladstone's book, which was informed by a charming sense of humor, and Dr. Holland's article on the Linnaeus microscope, which presents a most interesting subject with a real scientific understanding of the competency and relevancy of evidence.

Always faithfully yours,

—ELIHU ROOT

#### WHENCE COMES PORTIA?

DEAR CARNEGIE:

In reading your very interesting review of Mary Gladstone's book, I note that Mary had made a slip which your reviewer has not caught—or at least did not correct. Mary, in noting the conversation of her father's guests at table, says: "List of mistakes made by cultivated persons: Mr. Leigh mistook clarinet for the flageolet. Mr. Sanderson mentioned Portia as in 'Julius Caesar' . . . Of course the most celebrated Portia appears in 'The Merchant of Venice,' but there is another very lovely Portia in 'Julius Caesar,' who is the wife of Brutus. When Cassius, at the end of the famous quarrel scene, learns of her death, he ejaculates, 'How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?'" So it was Mary Gladstone, and not Mr. Sanderson, who made the mistake.

—MARTHA JANE PHILLIPS

We are glad to vindicate Mr. Sanderson and sorry to find Mary wrong.

#### GOOD WORDS

DEAR CARNEGIE:

The Carnegie Magazine has made a hit with a friend of mine, after having seen several copies of mine, and he wishes to subscribe. It is a privilege to spread the influence of the journal.

—WILLIAM E. BENSWANGER

## DAME LAURA KNIGHT

THE Apotheosis of the Circus" might be a very appropriate subtitle for the exhibition of oils, water colors, and prints by Dame Laura Knight on display at the Institute during March. The visitor sees the circus from every angle and in diverse manners. At one moment he is invited within the "Big Top," where all is excitement and expectation, and at another he is with the bareback riders just before they go into the sawdust ring; now he is beside the elephants, or before the lion's cage, and now he is in the horse tent. It is all as stimulating and jolly as an early spring day when a youngster watches the circus parade or creeps under the tent to see the big show.

Paintings these days are often very much like problem plays, and artists are too inclined to paint in a somber key. Not so with Dame Laura. Her palette contains all the colors and shades of the rainbow, and she spreads them out before one in glorious array. There is life and joy and vitality in any gallery filled with her canvases. The artist



DAME LAURA KNIGHT

knows how to draw. She achieves design in a masterful way. She has a keen sense for the dramatic, and she convinces her audience that she enjoys painting. Her paintings and drawings represent a personality which is vibrant, intensely human, wholesome, and optimistic.

Dame Laura Knight's work is familiar to Pittsburghers for she has exhibited in practically all the International Exhibitions of Paintings since 1910. In 1926 a special exhibition of her etchings and drawings was held at the Institute. However, the present exhibition is the first time she has shown on such an extensive scale, and in so many mediums.

Dame Laura Knight visited Pittsburgh in 1922 to serve on the Jury of Award for the Twenty-first International. She was the first woman from abroad to act in such a capacity. She was made an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1927, being the third woman to whom this honor has been accorded since the establishment of the Academy in 1868. In 1929 King George made her a Dame of the British Empire.



WAITING FOR THE BAR ACT  
BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT

## THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON BITUMINOUS COAL

THE Carnegie Institute of Technology announces a Third International Conference on Bituminous Coal to be held at Pittsburgh from November 16 to 21, 1931.

The purpose of the Congress is similar to that of the Congresses held in 1926 and 1928 by the Carnegie Institute of Technology: to present for discussion the results of recent studies of coal, emphasizing improved methods of utilization and their economic value. The program will include papers on the carbonization, liquefaction, and gasification of coal; by-products; the mechanism of combustion; cleaning of coal and its preparation for the market; pulverized fuel; power plants; domestic heating; and kindred subjects.

Dr. Thomas S. Baker has recently returned from Europe, where he has conferred with fuel technologists who are considering the possibility of presenting papers and of taking part in the Congress. An invitation is extended to scientists of all countries to take part in this meeting, the only one of its kind of international scope. News of the Conference will be sent to foreign governments, scientific and industrial organizations, and to all individuals who are interested in fuel technology.

The advisory board of the Conference includes the following American men of affairs: James A. Farrell, John Hays Hammond, Samuel Insull, Frank B. Jewett, A. W. Mellon, F. A. Merrick, Auguste G. Pratt, H. B. Rust, M. S. Sloan, Gerard Swope, and Walter C. Teagle.

All of these men are connected with industries either directly or indirectly concerned with coal and its by-products. Seven members of the board for the third meeting served in a similar capacity at the second meeting in 1928.

"The condition of the coal industry

during the past few years can hardly be called healthy," President Baker said, "and the current business let-down has brought extreme depression to this basic world industry. We hope that as a result of the discussions held we may be of assistance in uncovering new processes which may help it on the road to recovery."

Announcement of this third world meeting comes in logical sequence to the previous congresses. The first conference was organized by President Baker in 1926 for the purpose of finding new uses for bituminous coal and especially to discuss the problem of liquefying coal to supplement the petroleum oil supply of the world. This meeting, although it was the first of its kind to be held, attracted 1,700 scientists from thirteen different countries. Two years later followed the second congress which was broader in its scope—including discussions on pulverized fuel, low temperature carbonization of coal, rubber from coal, the hydrogenation of coal, and by-product nitrogen. Speakers during the two conferences have included such scientists as Georges Claude, Dr. Friedrich Bergius, Prof. Franz Fischer, Dr. C. H. Lander, Dr. R. Lessing, General Georges Patart, Dr. Fritz Hofmann, and Dr. Karl Krauch. Papers of numerous other fuel technologists were presented at the meetings.

By bringing together the best minds in the field of fuel technology, an interchange of ideas and new methods is secured which keeps the coal industry informed of new processes which are being used throughout the world.

The published proceedings of the two conferences have been enthusiastically received, and they are now considered standard reference books on modern fuel technology.

## THE EIGHTEENTH SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

By BYRON H. CHATTO, *Secretary of the Salon*

[Mr. Chatto, an engineer by profession and a photographer by avocation, has long been actively interested in the Pittsburgh Salon, of which he has been an officer since 1927. The following review of the current exhibition reveals his sound understanding of the fundamentals of photography and his sympathetic delight in a fine photographic composition. In the 1931 collection three prints are from his camera, which stand as witness to his ability to put his knowledge into practice.]



F. C. TILNEY starts his book, "Photographic Pictorialism," with the sentence, "The beginnings of photography were pictorial." John Ruskin, the great art critic of his day, became an enthusiastic photo-

grapher, illustrating his lectures with his daguerreotypes. The "Photographic Society"—English, of course—was founded in 1853, with Sir Charles Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy, as its president. These artists did not look upon photography as an art in itself but rather hoped to find in it a tool that would aid them in their studies for painting. It was but natural, therefore, that the early photographers should attempt to imitate the painters of their day, and as a result photography as a separate art progressed slowly.

Alex. Keighley, honorary F.R.P.S. of England, has perhaps done more to establish photography as an art than any other. His pictures have been a feature of Pittsburgh Salons in the past, and this year is no exception. While other

stars appear, attain brilliance, and fade away, Mr. Keighley seems to continue to progress. His early pictures were achieved by combining several negatives, and evident "hand work" was often criticized. Recently he has seemed to get his pictures by straightforward methods—his "Good Friday—Spain," "A Spanish Almshouse," and "The Great Bridge—Ronda," selected for the current Salon, are striking examples of his ability.

That photography has not escaped the influence of the moderns is evident. Kono's "Perpetual Motion" is the most abstract and the least photographic thing I have ever seen at a photographic exhibition. As a design and as an optical illusion it is stunning. But does it belong in a salon of photography? It is a series of high-light



GRAZING

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. S. BECKER

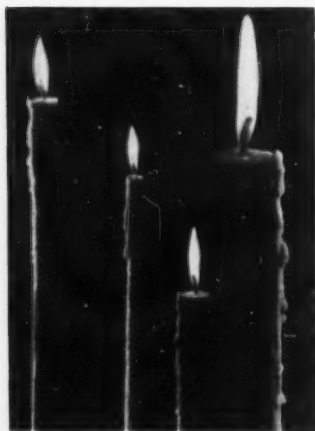
spirals on a dark background. Concentric and eccentric curves clashing suggest rapid whirling motion that will never cease. It appears to have had its origin on a drawing board, though the print is without question photographic.

Turn from that to G. S. Becker's "The Brook" and find a fine example of the straightforward representation of nature by photography. It is a landscape that one would love to hang on the wall and live with.

This picture will need no explanation; its sheer beauty will appeal.

A very different kind of picture—modern but not modernistic—is John P. Mudd's "Lathe, Tool, and Chip." It is not beautiful, but it is mightily expressive of the power which man builds into his machines. This is straight photography without the aid of any control process, and its effectiveness is the result of concentrating on the point of interest—the tool and the curling chip. It would have been even more forceful if action could have been suggested; we miss the thin stream of smoke that must come from such a tool point, and the chip appears cold. This machine is at rest.

F. R. Altwater, of Pittsburgh, has made four spectacular pictures expressive of the steel industry which



WAX

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON WALLACE

are action plus: these pictures snap, flash, and roar. I like his "Converter" best because of its simplicity and concentration; the others would be more convincing if he had included less material.

The Japanese in America, particularly those in California, are developing a distinctive style of photography that is not imitated successfully by Americans or the Japanese in their own country. It is straight photography without any of the trick processes,

it is perfect technique, decorative in character, and obtained by photographing actual everyday objects that we can see and understand. Nakagawa for his "Jazz Shadows" uses a brick wall, some windows, a fire escape, and lots of sunshine to produce a very effective pattern. Shindo's "The Chrysanthemum" is made up of part of a radio loud-speaker, a flower pot, and two chrysanthemums—one blossom and one bud. He uses artificial light and secures a most pleasing decorative effect,

remarkable for its symmetry. Even more attractive is his "Sea Breeze," where he combines a few sweeping branches with a breaking wave and some rocks. It is low in tone, relieved only by the light on the crest of the wave. Hiromu Kira's "The Thinker" is a



KAMOME

PHOTOGRAPH BY RISO ITANO



repetition of curves, evidently rows of terraced concrete, perhaps part of a great dam, deserted except for a single human figure. K. Nakamura's "Above the Pacific Coast" and Yaginuma's "After Falling Snow" are both striking.

Another charming piece of decorative photography is "Wintermorgen" by Franz Mairhofer, of Austria. Most of the picture space is filled by an overhanging branch decorated by hoarfrost, while in the distance faintly shown are church spires against a mountain side.

"Three Columns" by Raymond Jensik is a splendid example of pictorial pho-

a process by which one sensitizes his papers, prints from an enlarged negative by daylight, and works up the image in an oily ink, similar to the better-known bromoil process. He is fond of rainy-



THE STAIRCASE

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD DINE

tography: it has good composition, simplicity, concentration, and atmosphere.

The few portraits in this exhibit are distinctive. F. Georges Maurer, of France, uses the multiple bromoil process to achieve a most unusual and forceful result in his "Portrait of Jules Ausser." Dorothy Wilding, of London, is well represented, and there are a few others.

Leonard Misonne, of Belgium, has the only oils in the exhibition. This is



ROOF TOPS—NUREMBERG

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. AUBREY BODINE

day subjects and renders water so naturally that one thinks immediately of umbrellas and rubbers. His "Les Ornières" and "Avant d'Hiver" are simple subjects breathing the atmosphere of early spring. His "Accueil Frais"—translated "a cool welcome"—is a bit of human interest, unlike his usual subjects but containing the same luminous quality that characterizes his outdoor scenes.

The pictures in this exhibit were selected from about seventeen hundred, submitted by more than four hundred contributors from many countries, by a jury made up of Francis O. Libby, F.R.P.S., painter and amateur photographer of Portland, Maine; Ira W. Martin, of New York, president of the Pictorial Photographers of America; and William M. Rittase, photographer of Philadelphia. Mr. Libby and Mr. Rittase are associate members of the Pittsburgh Salon, elected by the local

organization in recognition of their support of the Salon by "the consistent excellence" of their contributions to its exhibitions.

The task set for these men was not to choose a certain number of pictures to fill the walls but to select those pictures which in their judgment should be awarded place. No other awards are made by the Salon. This exhibit will contain fewer pictures than last year by almost one hundred. In spite of the fact that the local committee wished that four hundred pictures might be hung, the jury would approve only half that number; and there is no appeal from this jury. They consider that they themselves will be on trial before the critics who visit the Salon, and that any picture that does not belong there will be scored against the jury.

What does this jury look for in a picture? First, to quote from the conditions of entry, "The aim of the Salon is to exhibit only that class of work in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution"; next, they appear to look for originality: the photographer who comes with a new idea is always given preference over the one who imitates; and finally, good craftsmanship is essential. A picture must be positive to win unqualified approval, or as one member of the jury said, "Pictures which require directions attached to them are out of date."

An innovation this year is an invitation exhibit by members of the jury. In order that the public may know what kind of pictures these men make for exhibition, the Salon committee invited each juror to send six of his best exhibition pictures, their eighteen pictures to be hung together, constituting a special exhibit within the Salon. Mr. Libby has sent six large "gum" prints, which we may call landscapes for want of a better word. He takes a little bit of nature and makes it big in every sense of the word. No signature is necessary on his pictures for one who has followed the salons.

Mr. Rittase makes the same kind of

picture for his clients that he does for the exhibition—you see them in Fortune, Vanity Fair, and many other magazines. His pictures speak more forcibly than words.

Mr. Martin's pictures are not available for review at this time. He is known as a modern, probably because of a series of pictures made in New York a few years ago showing the skyscrapers from the angle of view of the man in the street, but Mr. Martin likes to go out into the country and make pictures of trees and sky. He makes platinum prints and bromides.

To view a show by taking the pictures one by one from a box is one thing; to view it on the walls of a gallery as a complete exhibit is another. Since the Magazine must go to press almost two weeks before opening night, we must get our impressions from the one-at-a-time method of viewing, hoping that the public will come to the exhibition to form its own judgments.

The Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art, under the auspices of the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art, opens its annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute with the customary invitation viewing on March 20 and will remain open until April 19.

The officers of the Salon are: Charles K. Archer, president; David R. Craig, vice president; Byron H. Chatto, secretary and treasurer; Deo Dewsens, James Baxter, and J. C. Larsen, print committee.

#### OUR CONVERSATION

The more machines the better, because the more machines the more leisure, and the more leisure the more intellectual and moral life. I believe that the people of the United States, as they have more leisure, will learn to use it in an intellectual manner. The fact that they attend lectures is one clear proof of their intellectual interest. French people don't go to lectures, but instead they take delight in intellectual conversation. The chief fault that I see in this country is that, with eighteen people in a room, there will be nine subjects of conversation. In France there would be one.

—ERNEST DIMNET, Canon of Cambrai



# ENGINEERING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

BY WILLIBALD TRINKS, *Professor of Mechanical Engineering*

[Professor Trinks is admirably qualified to contrast engineering at home with the same profession on the Continent, for he has had opportunity to experience the prevailing conditions from both viewpoints. Educated at the University of Charlottenburg in his native country and later associated with the famous Krupps, he has learned the American side of the engineering situation through training many young men for that calling. Professor Trinks, one of the pioneers of the engineering faculty at Tech, is head of his Department, and it is to such men that Tech owes its enviable reputation as a technical School.]



ENGINEERING is commonly supposed to be based on natural science and upon mathematics. The abstract science of mathematics certainly is the same on both sides of the Atlantic, and natural science including, of

course, physics and chemistry, is quite the same everywhere, because steam is steam, iron is iron, copper is copper, no matter where they are, wholly independent of the location.

And yet those who have traveled and have had the opportunity to study engineering and engineers on both sides of the Atlantic find noticeable differences. Many features of engineering are without doubt the same, but others are so different as to make the difference conspicuous. Closer study of the differences proves that they are due to three conditions—economic, climatic, and geographical.

The feature in our manufacturing methods at which foreign visitors to our shores marvel is mass production of standardized articles, whereas, in Europe small quantity production and extensive catering to the detailed wishes of the customer is the rule.

In mass production such as we have in this country, the designing engineer takes a rather subordinate position.

After the machine or other equipment that is to be manufactured has been designed and tried out, and after the machinery for producing it in large quantities has been installed, the designing engineer drops from the picture. This does not mean that engineers are no longer needed from that time on. Quite on the contrary, they are needed in conjunction with research operation, testing, and sales. In consequence, we find in the United States a large number of engineers employed in the sales offices and a comparatively small number in the designing offices, whereas, in most European countries it is the other way round. It might be thought that the sales engineer does not need a thorough technical training. Any such idea would be far from the truth for the following reasons: The designing engineer takes conditions as they are and designs a new machine, apparatus, structure, and the like, to fit into these conditions, whereas, the sales engineer looks at conditions as they are and tries to fit into them that standard machine, apparatus, or structure which fits best into the given conditions. In doing so, he often modifies the existing conditions in order to make it possible to install or sell the standard equipment built by his company. Doing this work successfully requires not only sound judgment but also a good technical training.

Another great difference in engineering here and there has been brought about by the different wage rates. Wages in the United States are from two

to five times as high as they are in Europe. The inducement is, therefore, very great with us to save labor. On the other hand, fuel is rather dear in several European countries, and in those countries the desire to save fuel is paramount and overshadows everything else. In consequence, Europe excels in fuel-saving equipment, and the United States in labor-saving equipment.

Our high wages in conjunction with labor-saving equipment have brought about a large output of work per man. In consequence, the worker with his high wages has purchasing power and can afford to buy the many articles which are produced by highly paid labor operating very efficiently complicated high-production machinery. This situation brings us right back to mass production. High wage rates have compelled engineers in the United States to design labor-saving machinery and to standardize—that is to say, to make as few different sizes and grades of any one kind of equipment as possible. Labor-saving machinery and standardization have made possible our mass production, and mass production finds a ready market on account of a high wage rate. Mass production and standardization have been sneered at by cultured Europeans as depressing the level of spiritual culture and placing too much emphasis on material things. Nevertheless, the European nations envy our mass-production prosperity and are endeavoring to imitate it, as far as European conditions permit.

Not every article of use or every machine, however, can be made by mass-production methods. I might refer to rolling mills, large hydraulic turbines, large steam turbines, large high pressure boilers, and similar equipment which cannot be sold across the counter and which must be more or less specially designed in each case. In the building of that equipment the designing engineer comes into his own here the same as he does in Europe. Only a very small number of engineers among the total number of engineers in the country,

however, is required for this specialized design work. American institutions of technology and universities have, thus far, found it impossible and impractical to enter very deeply into the teaching of highly specialized subjects. In Europe, and particularly in Germany and Sweden, a great deal of this work is taught in technical universities, because the student who enters a technical university is as far along as the sophomore is in the United States after he has been in college about a year and a quarter. Since many technical courses, in Germany for instance, take four and one-half years for their completion, and since the vacations are shorter than they are in the United States, the European student has approximately two years more of intensified specialized technical training than our students. This situation is probably the principal reason why specialists for this type of design work are very frequently imported from abroad. Our drafting rooms and engineering offices are full of men who have immigrated from abroad and who furnish the specialized knowledge for advanced design in the detail field; add to that the facts that European engineers are willing to work for comparatively low salaries and that our technical graduates have a great dislike for the drafting room.

Of course, that situation will some day be changed, because immigration will be restricted, and because the slogan, "America for the Americans," will arise. When that time arrives, it will become necessary to give highly specialized technical instruction here in the United States, but we are too practical a people to do that teaching as it is done in Europe. We revolt at the thought of making each year 100,000 technical students learn that which less than one per cent of them can use. Highly specialized technical instruction must be given after graduation, at a time when the student knows exactly what he wants and needs. It must be taught partly by correspondence and partly in residence by a few selected

schools who draw students from the whole country. The successful carrying out of this comprehensive scheme requires the cooperation of practically all the engineering schools and colleges, for without that cooperation the plan cannot mature.

As previously stated, the necessity for highly specialized technical instruction is not yet upon us, but in ten or fifteen years conditions will be different, and it is hoped that a concerted start for specialized postgraduate instruction will have been made.

In the meantime, our students receive a broad, fundamental technical training, upon which specialized technical training can be built at any time.

## PRESERVING OUR NEWSPAPERS

FROM wood pulp to dust represents a short period in the life of newsprint, and to postpone the final destruction of its files of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette the Carnegie Library has begun a costly process of preservation.

To most people, nothing else is as old and worthless as a copy of last week's newspaper and they may wonder that a Library should spend time and money to preserve its files. But the greatest use of newspaper files is not by historians, as might be supposed, but by those who are connected in some way with cases at law. Legal notices, birth and death records, the accounts of accidents, and even the weather reports are eagerly sought by attorneys and litigants. To them, the newspaper files are vitally important. Not long ago, a suit for \$300,000 hinged on whether Havana had been advertised as a port of call of a certain steamer.

Newspapers were at first printed on rag paper, and these issues are still well preserved. The use of ground wood pulp became common about 1870, and from that date on, the Library's files are so brown and brittle that they break with the slightest use.

Under the new method thin sheets of Japanese tissue are pasted on both sides of every sheet, thus excluding the air which is believed to cause the rapid deterioration of wood pulp. This method of preservation was evolved by the New York Public Library after



APPLYING THE PROTECTIVE SHEETS

years of experimenting. The cost in that library is about eight cents per sheet. Because of this high cost, the Post-Gazette has been chosen for preservation in Pittsburgh, since it covers the week's news in six issues. The New York Times, The Chicago Tribune, and the United States Daily are now issued in special library editions on rag paper, but the cost of a special edition is so high that other publishers are unwilling to adopt it. The preservative methods just adopted for the Post-Gazette may not prove effective for all time, but the importance of the files is so great that the Library is taking the best means known at present to prevent their crumbling away.

The mechanical equipment for this valuable process has been ably planned and constructed by Arthur D. Scott, superintendent of the Department of Printing and Binding.

## THE MUSIC OF WALES

By CHARLES HEINROTH, *Organist and Director of Music*



If devotion to an art, a love and reverence for it count for anything—then Wales should be the foremost of musical nations. I wonder, when a few years ago Ireland adopted a new flag and relinquished her

traditional national emblem—a golden harp—Wales didn't grasp it as it was falling. Had St. David, the patron of Wales, been old King David, the psalmist and royal harpist, I believe it might have been readily effected, at least as the popular insignia of the principality in place of the three feathers—beautiful, but still reminding of subjection. For in spite of the intervening centuries, the countries Wales and England are not completely amalgamated: politically, yes; but racially? No. Every Welshman is consciously imbued with a strong national feeling. I doubt if any of the four constituents of the British Isles persists in a more stubborn insistence of its own racial identity; and it shows in its music. All racial traits show in a people's music.

Also this other Welsh trait—of harking back to the past, the times of its national glory. That, too, may be found in its music. No nation lays greater claim to the antiquity of its music than Wales. Of course this is as difficult to prove as to disprove, at least with documentary evidence. For there are no old manuscripts to authenticate anything beyond dispute. Those we have are hard to decipher; ambiguous, we cannot tell whether the signs and figures placed in conjunction with the words refer to intonation or merely in-

flexion. Anything like reliable notation came at a later period when, if the claims of enthusiastic Welshmen can be substantiated, their oldest traditional songs were already ancient.

However, this we know: that Wales possessed a civilization as well as a well-organized religion before the Christian era, and that music played an important part in it. Caesar, in giving his account of the manners and customs of Britain, said there were two orders of men that were held in a high degree of honor and esteem and with whom all dignity and distinction were lodged: these were the nobles and the druids. Musically, the latter interest us, for the druidical hierarchy was divided into three orders—the priests, who presided in all matters of religion; they were the moral philosophers and physiologists of that time. The ovades were the natural philosophers, astronomers, and magicians—they composed sacred and prophetic hymns; while the bards were the preceptors, poets, and musicians—they were the national chroniclers, they kept an account of the descent of families and composed songs to commemorate the actions of the worthy and the brave. At all ceremonies, feasts, and family occasions they were expected to celebrate the occasion in song, accompanying themselves on the harp, or crwth, a string instrument peculiar to Wales.

Diodorus Siculus informs us: Among the Celts are composers of melody called bards, who sing to instruments like lyres, panegyric or invective strains; and in such reverence are they held that, when two armies prepared for battle, have cast their darts, and drawn their swords, on the appearance and interposition of the bards, they immediately desist. Thus, even among the rude barbarians, wrath gives place to wisdom and Mars to the Muses.

The bards enjoyed special hereditary privileges and rights—they were exempt from taxes and military service. More interesting to us, though, they were directly responsible for that peculiarly Welsh institution—the Eisteddfod—the heart and main stimulus of Welsh music. The name is derived from the Welsh word *Eistedd*—to sit; so it means a session, tournament, or congress of oratory and music. Other nations occasionally held such tournaments, but in none have they survived to the present day, nor were they the occasion of national interest of high and low to anything like an equal degree. Usually by invitation of princes or those high in authority great festivals lasting three or four days were held, at which the most famous bards contended in song. The name itself cannot be traced back beyond the twelfth century, but there is valid reason to believe that these conventions originated in the fourth century on the departure of the Romans from Britain; certainly there is an account of one held in the sixth century on the banks of the Conway. Strict laws governing these contests were enacted and rigidly observed.

It is clearly indicated that the bards were as a class, as well as personally, powerfully influential and frequently swayed the course of events; likewise in order to exert such influence they must have been remarkably talented, though hardly anything of their art products remains. A reason for this may be found in the fact that the druids committed all their knowledge to memory and their learning, records, and magic formulas were handed down orally to their pupils and successors. When therefore Edward I of England conquered Wales in the thirteenth century and Llewellyn the Last was slain, Edward, according to Jones' "Relics of the Bards," did not consider himself secure until all the bards—the chief instrumentalities of keeping aglow the flame of patriotism—were exterminated, and with them perished all the authentic traditions of song and music. What-

ever survived was by means of oral delivery by untutored people and not by professionals honorably charged with keeping the record. Undoubtedly, it was a great loss to Welsh national poetry and music. Therefore what purports to go back beyond that time is based upon conjecture. We are thrown upon the resource of judging by inner evidence—for instance, the structure of the music relating to the different periods. Anyway, why should the remote antiquity of Welsh music be so stressed? As an artist I am more interested in the beauty and fineness of thought and not unduly impressed with its age, as an archeologist would be. In art the old adage—age before beauty—is reversed. For instance, I do not care just exactly how old "All Through the Night" is; but I do not have to be persuaded that it is about the finest traditional love song I know. There is something reverential in that love. Goldmark caught it in his "Rustic Wedding Symphony"; the exact intervals are not there, but the spirit, the refrain is. Another Welsh characteristic comes out in that song: the note of deep sincerity. One will look in vain for the spectacular and showy in Welsh folk music; it is by its genuineness that it will win. A Welshman when he sings is in earnest. One would not get that national interest in the yearly Eisteddfod if he were not wrapped up in it with a consuming fervor. Sometimes these festivals were held at regular intervals, triennially or so; at others, at irregular times. The lowest ebb was reached before the Napoleonic wars, but since 1819 they have been annual affairs at some place or other and attract patriotic and art-loving Welshmen from all quarters of the globe.

Another great incentive for music in Wales is the church. To what an extent this is true can only be understood by an outsider if he realizes the intense Calvinistic faith of the people. No musician gets a footing in Wales unless he is religious; and most of the sacred music is grave, impetuous, and at times

even militantly wrathful in accord with the stern tinge of Welsh theology. If you want to hear Welsh music in its very essence, listen to a Welsh congregation sing—it is done with a conviction and a religious zeal in keeping with the Welsh character; and an unfamiliar literature will greet your ears. In the schools children are encouraged to write hymn tunes, just the same as they are to make free drawings. The result is a great number of fine tunes and an uncommon interest in them.

The songs of Wales may be divided into four classes: war songs and marches, love songs and serenades, ballads and nature songs, and religious songs.

The war songs usually celebrate some historic event. First place must be accorded to the "March of the Men of Harlech," which is the national song of Wales, equivalent to what "Scots Wha Hae" is to Scotland. It refers to the siege of Harlech Castle in Merionethshire in 1468 when the Earl of Pembroke succeeded in reducing it. It has a defiant martial flavor. In general, Welsh traditional airs did not have the advantage of a Robert Burns, a Sir Walter Scott, or a Thomas Moore to furnish new lyrics as the Scotch and Irish melodies were favored with a poetic rejuvenation. Historically, the text of the "Departure of the King" offers a wide latitude in the choice of dates and a variety of kings—it is said to allude to King Cadwaladr in 665, or Richard the Lion-hearted in 1190, or Henry IV in 1415. Musically more interesting is "Taliesin's Prophecy" in rugged minor, as are so many melodies in Welsh folk-song literature. Also the wide leaps and wide range, if encompassed by a good voice and a dramatic delivery must have made a striking effect. This bard's prophecy regarding the ancient Britons was: Their God they shall worship; their language they shall retain; their land they shall lose except wild Wales.

The nature songs and ballads are not all of this stern quality, but real jolly tunes are rare; they are usually self-

contained rather than exuberant. The jolliest of them all is "Sweet Richard," also called "A Mighty Warrior," and "Blondel's Song" because Blondel was Richard the Lion-hearted's bard and is believed to have discovered him when he was imprisoned in Austria. A humorous song is "Old Morgan and His Wife" but of these there are comparatively few. The Welsh have no national folk dance, like the reel, jig, or morris. Dancing was frowned on by the church.

The Celtic strain makes itself felt not only in the choice of particular melodic turns, the avoidance or at least the aversion to using certain intervals of the scale, but also the repetition of the key-note in cadences especially prominent in Irish tunes and particularly the skip of an octave up or down, usually occurring on the first or fifth note of the scale. Apropos of this latter trait, it is told that Handel, while waiting at Chester for winds to carry him to Dublin, heard a neighboring Welsh congregation sing and adopted the phrase bearing the octave skip into his "Hallelujah Chorus." Certain it is that the opening phrase of "Lift up your Heads," also from the "Messiah," bears a remarkable resemblance to the Welsh harp melody: "Mwynen Gwynedd." So it is quite likely that Welsh influences on his invention then were active.

One of the remarkable features of the Eisteddfod and altogether unique to Wales is the so-called penillion singing. I consider it the most accomplished branch of folk art I know. It requires ready wits, musical invention, and an unusual talent for rhapsodizing and free improvisation. A penill is a stanza. An old Welsh penill runs thus:

No cheat it is to cheat the cheater,  
No treason to betray the traitor;  
Nor is it theft, but just deceiving  
To thieve from him who lives by thieving.

Musically and poetically it is really a song within a song. The harper strikes up any tune he pleases. The penillion singer invents an independent melody and an independent poem that fits into it, one of the rules being that he shall



not start at the beginning but end simultaneously with the air.

It is remarkable that the exercise of such skill and versatility has not brought forth a great musical genius for Wales. There are, to be sure, a great many local composers but none internationally acknowledged. That is the weakness; there must be a reason for it—and there is. Wales has been described as a "Sea of Song." It is given up entirely to vocal art. In the voice Welsh music lives, moves, and has its being. That entails distinct limitations. Instrumental music is almost entirely neglected. Wales is in the position of Russia one hundred years ago. It, too, had been singing and had piled up a great national storehouse of traditional musical treasure; but until Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgsky took these melodies and reared great structures of musical loveliness out of them—not until then did Russia break into musical history. Italy is another example. After a glorious early history it gave itself up to a one-sided adoration of the human voice; musical history is silent of this period; lately, however, when she is again devoting her attention to symphonic music we hear for the first time of an orchestral conductor of international fame, Toscanini, and composers like Respighi and Casella are discussed for original achievements.

Until these things happen in Wales, she will still be considered a land of promise. What she wants is direction added to her devotion and diligence, and these things shall be added unto her. For at heart she is deeply musical. Of what other nation can it be said that she makes music her chief yearly event? To one nation this will be a horse race; to another a football game or a baseball series. But Wales looks forward to her musical Eisteddfod in breathless expectation. To such a nation an artist takes off his hat. To it art is not a decoration to be put on or slipped off at will, but something ingrained into its nature. Where the roots are, the blossoms will follow.

## THE MAKING OF WILLS

In making a will, money left to the Carnegie Institute should be covered by the following phrase:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE in the City  
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

.....Dollars

And bequests to the Carnegie Institute of Technology should be phrased like this:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF  
TECHNOLOGY OF PITTS-  
BURGH, PENNSYLVANIA*

.....Dollars

The Carnegie Institute stands in immediate need of a further addition of \$3,000,000 to its endowment funds—that is, \$1,000,000 for Fine Arts, \$1,000,000 for Museum, and \$1,000,000 for the unhampered continuance of the International Exhibition of Paintings.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology stands equally in need of large additions to its endowment funds, and is slowly—but very steadily—building up the \$4,000,000 which it must raise in order to secure \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Let's make our wills accordingly.

## THIS SICK WORLD

The world is ill. The zone infected by revolutionary epilepsy is widening. South America, which has been plunged in the riches of peace for thirty years, is herself attacked by the evil. Convulsion in India, troubles in Indo-China, a violent recrudescence of dictatorship in Russia, profound perturbation in Spain, a coup d'état in Poland and in Egypt, revolution in Bolivia, Peru, and Argentina, troubles in Chile, a political crisis in Austria of which it is difficult to foresee the conclusion, elections in Germany which have resounded throughout the world like a clap of thunder announcing a tempest, and, finally, civil war between the Federation and certain States in Brazil—that is the black list of these last months.

—GUGIELMO FERRERO

# THE GARDEN OF GOLD

PENELOPE," said Jason, "taking his seat on the marble bench beside their little cottage, "it has just occurred to me that I am doing all the story-telling that goes on in this Garden of Gold. Why do you never tell me a story?"

"Perhaps you think I'm a dumb-bell," said Penelope.

Jason laughed. "Not necessarily," he replied, "but prove that you are not."

"Very well," she said. "I shall tell you of an episode where gold was in ancient days, as it is now, the means of advancing scientific knowledge."

"Very appropriate, Penelope."

"Well, Jason, once upon a time there was a king of Syracuse who wanted a new crown made; so he sent for a goldsmith and gave him ten pounds of pure gold, with a command to produce the most beautiful crown in the world. In the course of time the goldsmith brought the king a crown which pleased him very much to look upon. The king placed the crown on his own scales and found that it weighed exactly ten pounds. The goldsmith had evidently brought him back all the gold he had originally received to the last ounce. But when the king placed the crown upon his head, he found that it was very uncomfortable, and one day when his friend Archimedes came to see him, he showed him the crown and asked him why it should cause him so much discomfort.

"Archimedes took the royal diadem and examined it with much care.

"The gold is all there," said the king, anticipating the philosopher's suspicion, "I weighed it."

"True," said Archimedes, "but it does not appear to have the same rich red color that it had in the lump. It is not red at all, but a brilliant yellow."

"Most gold is yellow," said the king, "yet I do remember that when this was in the lump, it had a much richer color. Is there any way to find

out whether the goldsmith really gave me back my gold?"

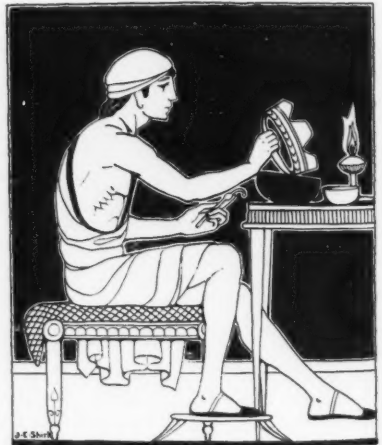
"I know of no way," gravely replied the great mathematician. And soon he departed to his home. But on arriving there, he could think of nothing but the king's question. Neither by any known rule of mathematics nor of chemistry could he solve the problem."

"I'm all ears," said Jason.

"Archimedes took a bath."

"Good!" said Jason.

"The tub was full to the very edge, and as he stepped into it, a quantity of water flowed out upon the stone floor. A similar thing had happened a hundred times before, but this was the first time that Archimedes had ever thought about it. But now he did think about it, and he began to wonder how much water he had displaced by getting into the tub. The answer was very plain. He had displaced a bulk of water equal to the bulk of his own body. A man half his size would have displaced only half as much. He began to reason about the king's crown. If he had put the crown into the full tub, he would have displaced a bulk of water equal to the





crown's bulk. Gold is much heavier than silver. Ten pounds of pure gold will not make so great a bulk as, say, seven pounds of gold mixed with three pounds of silver. If the king's crown was pure gold, it would displace the same bulk of water as any other ten pounds of pure gold. But if it was part gold and part silver, it would displace a larger bulk. 'I have it at last!' shouted the philosopher. And so overjoyed was he at his great discovery that he leaped from the bath and, without stopping to dress himself, he ran through the streets to the king's palace, shouting, 'Eureka!' which, dear Jason, means, 'I have found it!'

"Let us hope," said Jason, with mock gravity, "that this bath and its sequel of the race through the streets occurred on a dark Saturday night."

Penelope ignored his interruption, except for a smile. "The crown was tested," she said. "It was found to displace much more water than ten pounds of pure gold would displace, and

the dishonesty of the goldsmith was proved beyond a doubt."

"They fed him to the lions, I suppose," said Jason.

"I don't know whether they had any lions there," answered Penelope, "but the discovery which Archimedes made in his bathtub was worth far more than all the gold that was then in Syracuse."

"And," said Jason, "your story shows the human value of our Garden of Gold. Devoting to culture and education the gold that comes to us every month, we shall continue to pluck out the heart of nature's mystery."

#### GOLDEN FRUITAGE

The first offering to the Garden of Gold this month came like manna from Heaven to give financial aid to students who, on account of hard times, are finding it difficult to pay their tuition fees. The trustees were notified of a gift of \$500 for that purpose from the Jenrich Trust Fund for Student Help; and the thoughtful givers may rest assured that they have already smoothed the path of anxious boys and girls.

The Night School Student Council is always thinking of that Endowment Fund and has already made several contributions to it. Just now it has sent two checks to swell the total sum—one for \$19 and one for \$28.19, the sum of the two to be worth \$99.10 in 1946.

The generosity of these precious students seems to have no limit. Frank J. Kish, one of the boys who finished in last year's class at Tech, gives \$6.45 which, planted in our Garden of Gold, will be worth \$13.55 eventually.

Every year the Carnegie Dollar Day is observed, when anyone so disposed gives a dollar toward the Endowment Fund; and this year the total collection amounted to \$325.15, which in 1946 will be worth \$682.82.

And so the golden stream flows on, sometimes in glorious deeps, sometimes in sun-flashing shallows; but always carrying hope and confidence toward the goal.

## "BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

### *A Refutation of Mr. Ripley's Very Absurd Fabrication Concerning the Continental Congress*

THE department conducted in some of the newspapers under the heading, "Believe It or Not" by Robert L. Ripley, while usually straining our credulity, is a very popular and amusing feature. It must not always be taken too seriously. Sometimes, however, Mr. Ripley ventures into the realm of actual history, and in that field the proprieties require him to adhere strictly to the actual facts of history.

In a recent article Mr. Ripley made this statement:

The most important vote ever cast! A German made us speak English! A proposal to adopt German as the official language of this country was defeated by a majority of only one vote in the first Continental Congress, September 7, 1774—and that vote was cast by a German, Mühlenberg, the president of the Congress.

The statement was so absurd upon its face—that a young nation of British colonists would give up their mother tongue for the German language—that it did not seem to need any contradiction until a discussion reached the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE showing that there were perhaps a few persons who were willing to believe it.

A search of the Journals of the Continental Congress was therefore made, with the result that Mühlenberg was shown not to have been even a member of the Congress at the time named, and was never at any time its president, and that no such vote was ever taken on the subject.

As Mr. Ripley makes a standing offer to submit proofs of his statements, a letter was sent to him challenging him on this story. He replied in a circular letter, showing that others had questioned him on the subject, to the effect that a descendant of Mühlenberg had published a letter in Halle in 1887 containing this preposterous fiction. The Carnegie Library through Miss Irene

Stewart, its reference librarian, was fortunately able to obtain a copy of the Halle Reports from Mühlenberg College at Allentown, containing many records relating to the Mühlenberg family in America, but after a diligent exploration of these documents no reference whatever on this subject has been found to exist.

Wishing to make assurance double sure, a letter on the subject was sent to the librarian of the Library of Congress, who makes this reply, confirming Miss Stewart's investigation in all the details of the subject:

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
WASHINGTON

It is "utterly absurd," as you say, to suppose that an American Congress, composed almost entirely of persons of British ancestry, from New Hampshire to Georgia, would consider a proposal to make German the official language of this country.

The story, so circumstantially told in "Believe It or Not," is that in the Continental Congress, in 1774, 27 members voted for and 27 against the proposition, and that Frederick Mühlenberg (the president) broke the tie.

Mühlenberg was not a member of the Continental Congress in 1774; he came in first in 1778 and remained until 1780. But he was never president of the Continental Congress.

The story received attention from Albert Bernhardt Faust, pages 652-3 of his two-volume work entitled "The German Element in the United States," published in 1927. He pronounces the story a myth.

The year 1887 was the hundredth anniversary of the death of Heinrich Melchior Mühlenberg. He was the father of Frederick. If there was published in Halle a hundred years after his death a letter (we do not have it), it is quite safe to say it did not contain the story as printed, because the Journals of the Continental Congress show that no such occurrence took place in that body.

—FRED W. ASHLEY  
Chief Assistant Librarian

Mr. Ripley will be forgiven for this lapse if he will inwardly resolve to keep his anecdotes within the certain limits of historical fact.

## READERS COUNSELOR FOR LIBRARY

*The Buhl Foundation Makes Possible the Addition of This New Service in the Carnegie Library*

BY RALPH MUNN

WITH the appointment of Charles W. Mason as readers counselor the Carnegie Library is embarking upon a new form of educational service for those who wish to do more than casual reading.

Systematic reading courses, carefully designed to meet the reader's individual interests and ability, form the core of this new service.

Mr. Mason brings long experience as an educator, a real interest in people, and a wide knowledge of books to his new work. He comes directly from Buffalo, where he has been associated with the University of Buffalo and the Buffalo Museum of Science. Previously he was a member of the staff of the extension division of the University of West Virginia.

Mr. Mason is a son of the late L. Walter Mason, who was for many years pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh. His bachelor's degree was earned at Michigan State College, and his master's degree at the University of Buffalo, where his major study and teaching experience was in applied psychology.

As readers counselor, Mr. Mason will be at the service of anyone who wishes to follow any definite line of reading. After a personal interview he will compile a list of books suited to the

reader's interests, needs, and ability. Quite naturally, no one man can give competent advice in all subjects, so Mr. Mason will refer many subjects to other members of the library staff.

Mr. McClelland and his associates in the Technology Department will care for the courses in scientific and technical subjects. Miss Comings, head of the Art Division, will act similarly in regard to courses in the fine arts. The special knowledge of other staff members will also be used in compiling courses.

Assisting Mr. Mason in all of his work will be Miss Louise M. Hulin, who is known to many readers for her work at the Library's information

desk. Miss Hulin is a graduate of Allegheny College and the Library School of the University of Michigan. She has had successful experience both as a high-school teacher and as a librarian. She will give her full time to this new project as soon as she can be replaced at the information desk.

There will thus be created an informal "faculty" within the library staff, with Mr. Mason as chief consultant. But here the resemblance to formal education ceases. There are no classes, examinations, fees, credits, or certificates. There are no requirements of any kind,



CHARLES W. MASON

except the ability to read. Courses can be arranged for beginners in almost any subject, and it is expected that many will apply who have already gone far in the study of their chosen field.

Mr. Mason will invite the reader to confer with him from time to time during the reading. He will be ready to modify the course if it proves too difficult or too simple. These conferences are, however, entirely optional with the reader, who is under no obligation even to complete the course of reading. The Library recognizes that purposeful reading, like New Year's resolutions, is much more easily begun than completed. It believes, however, that many will continue and that even those who do not will have gained something.

The Library is indebted to the Buhl Foundation for the opportunity to establish this new service. Many large libraries are carrying on the activities described, but no other library has been able to offer to its readers the services of an experienced educator, with a background of both high-school and college teaching.

Because of the experimental nature of this project in placing a college professor on the staff of a public library, and because it believes in the importance of the services which are offered, the Buhl Foundation has granted \$21,000 to cover the cost of operation during the first three years. The board of trustees of the Library has agreed to continue the work if it proves successful.

### THE RUFFED GROUSE

THE latest addition to the Childrens Museum portrays a scene which, in life, is very rarely seen by human eyes. It consists of a mother grouse with her newly hatched brood just leaving the nest, while the proud father displays his plumage from a nearby log.

When a family of grouse is discovered in the woods, the female, at the first sign of danger, utters a low note to which the young instantly give heed by

hiding. Then the mother usually feigns a broken wing and leads the intruder away from her family. When the disturber is led some distance away, the apparently injured bird quickly re-



covers and flies away to join her brood, which comes out of hiding at her command.

While on a collecting trip to Pymatuning Swamp last May, Reinhold L. Fricke, preparator of this grouse group, found a nest of the ruffed grouse containing thirteen eggs. He collected these eggs and set them under a brooding hen, procured from a local farmer. After two weeks of watchful waiting eight young grouse were hatched, two of the young died in the shell, while three of the eggs were infertile.

These eight chicks with their parent birds then became a part of this group. The nest with the broken shells and infertile eggs are shown at the base of a dwarfed pitch pine, while a carpet of pine needles studded with ground pine forms the floor. Two small beetles have drawn the attention of some of the chicks, while a Red Admiral butterfly adds a bright bit of color.

The group was designed and executed by Mr. Fricke, and the background was painted by Ottmar F. von Fuehrer.



## THE FIFTY AMERICAN PRINTS

THE trends in contemporary American print-making may be studied in The Fifty Prints of the Year—1931, which is now on display on the Balcony of Sculpture Hall.

Each year for the past six the American Institute of Graphic Arts, in order to stimulate a deeper and more appreciative interest in print-making, has presented to the public fifty prints, not as the best, but as the most typical of the observable tendencies in the art.

Heretofore, the selection has been made by a committee of the Institute of Graphic Arts, but this year it was thought wise to leave the choice to one man, Lewis Mumford—writer, lecturer, and authority on current developments in the arts and in cultural taste. He selected the fifty prints now being shown at the Carnegie Institute out of some one thousand from most of the recognized print-makers in America.

The result of Mr. Mumford's judgment has been a selection of prints which is sure to provoke much discussion. It is said that he attempted to choose twenty-five "modern" prints,

and twenty-five "conservative" ones. It is rather difficult, however, to find old-line, "conservative" prints, and a superficial glance at the exhibition carries the conviction that the prints represent a very definite point of view.

One of the happy results of Mr. Mumford's selection is that the list of print-makers is not the usual stereotyped one. There are many new names, and this is a happy omen for the future of American prints. The exhibition is in very strong contrast to the Exhibition of Modern British Etchings which was held at the Institute a short time ago. The British exhibition very distinctly turned backward; the American one looks forward. It will be interesting to see the kinship between the Fifty Prints and the Exhibition of Modern German Prints, to be shown in April and May.

On the whole, the prints are modern; they are unusual, and they are stimulating. If Mr. Mumford's diagnosis of the print situation, as indicated by his selection, is correct, then there are interesting times ahead for our print-makers. The exhibition closes March 31.



COURTYARD  
LITHOGRAPH BY GAN KOLSKI



SEINE BOATS  
AQUATINT BY CHRISTIAN L. DULL

## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviews of St. John Hankin's "*The Charity That Began at Home*" and Tolstoy's "*The Fruits of Culture*" Given in the Tech Little Theater

By HAROLD GEOGHEGAN, Professor of the History of Art



A charge of provincialism can hardly be brought against those who direct the Tech Department of Drama. In the past season they have already given us a romantic play of medieval Italy

by an American, a tragedy by an Englishman on a Japanese legendary subject, a poetic drama produced in the Russian manner by a Frenchman, a play of Pittsburgh by a Hungarian, and last month an English ironical comedy and a Russian farce.

Truly an international list!

"The Charity That Began at Home" by St. John Hankin was the first production in February. Before his tragic death in 1909 Hankin was considered one of the brightest hopes of the English drama. George Bernard Shaw admired his work and paid him the com-

pliment of putting him in one of his plays—he is the "St. John Hotchkiss" in "Getting Married." Granville Barker in London and Iden Payne in Manchester produced his plays, which quickly found their way into print. But, even in his native country, they enjoyed little more than a succès d'estime, while in America they scarcely enjoyed even that. He is obviously influenced by Shaw. In the work of both men there is the same intolerance of sentiment, the same freedom from any trace of romantic illusion, the same cold analysis of character. There is an almost complete absence of sympathy or warmth which is also characteristic of Shaw's earlier work, though in his later plays he seems to be in a fair way to acquiring a heart. Hankin's plays are brilliant and hard. They are also intensely British.

The present piece is described by the author, in a subtitle, as a "Comedy for Philanthropists." The plot is ingenious and amusing and gives many opportunities for incisive character-drawing. Kind Lady Denison and her still



STUDENT PLAYERS IN "THE CHARITY THAT BEGAN AT HOME"



STUDENT PLAYERS IN "THE FRUITS OF CULTURE"

kinder daughter Margery have begun their charity at home by filling their comfortable country house with a motley assemblage of people who have but one thing in common—namely, that nobody else wants to have anything to do with them. The list comprises an Anglo-Indian colonel with an unquenchable flow of boring anecdotes which have to be listened to; a vulgar and overbearing widow; an ostentatiously humble German governess with an eternal chip on her shoulder; a vague, shabby gentleman, who sells things on commission; and a young man who has had to leave his regiment on account of tampering with the mess accounts. The guests heartily dislike and disapprove of one another but are fairly civil to their hostesses until they find out the real reason for their invitation. They all then depart in high indignation, except the Shady Young Man, who has managed to get himself engaged to the daughter of the house. In the last scene he too decides to leave and give up the young lady and her fortune, not because of any noble change of heart, but because he feels that so much goodness and unselfishness in his immediate proximity would interfere with his enjoyment of his own selfishness.

The idea of the plot is perhaps more amusing than its execution, although that has many entertaining moments, such as Lady Denison's frantic efforts

to master the intricacies of German declensions in order to soothe the ruffled feelings of the governess, and the Colonel's devastatingly boring stories of what happened "in Jubbulpore—or was it Bunderkund." But the work "dates" a little. After all, it was written thirty-five years ago. The unsentimental point of view is not so novel now as it was in 1906. There has been a long procession of hard-boiled heroes since then, and the audacities of the Shady Young Man are not so breathtaking as they were when the play was first produced. They also sound a little self-conscious. "The Charity That Began at Home" might have been more effective and real if it had been treated as a period play. Carriages and coachmen, tea at the vicarage, newly installed electric light which keeps going out—all these cry aloud for the costumes of the early 1900s.

The performance of such a play is particularly difficult. There is nothing universal about "The Charity That Began at Home." It is definitely local and definitely English. The performers in this case are just as definitely American in type and speech.

What is the young actor to do? Play the part frankly as American? The illusion will suffer. Adopt what passes for an "English accent"? The Lady Denison on the night on which I saw the play gave a very creditable imita-

tion of one, but the experiment is dangerous and generally ends in a kind of speech which sounds scarcely human. Nor all the skillful direction of Mr. Payne could persuade me that I was witnessing events which took place at Priors Ashton, Bucks—or Hants—or Herts, or wherever it was.

The second production last month was Tolstoy's comedy, "The Fruits of Culture." It was the work of the freshman class, under the direction of Mr. Hickman. Two comedies on the same stage could hardly be more unlike than these. There is no sophistication here and only the kindest sort of irony. Everything ends happily. The little maidservant marries her little manservant, the poor peasants get the land they want; and if the aristocrats are given a few sharp raps, they deserve it and nobody cares. This is not Tolstoy in his serious and reforming vein. It was written for his children and their friends and was performed by them, in a holiday mood, at his country house of Yasnaya Polyana. We have an amusing account of this first performance which tells us of Tolstoy elaborating parts, like that of the Third Peasant, at the last moment when he found the actor capable; of adding new lines, and even new characters, up to the time of the dress rehearsal. The members of the Tolstoy family and their friends had to be fitted; hence, there is an interminable list of characters, all of about equal importance, except that of the maid Tanya, which was played by his daughter Tatiana. Although "The Fruits of Culture" later reached the professional stage and was played successfully all over Europe, it is essentially an amateur play for amateur players, and a perfect choice for a freshman performance, as it gives almost every untried member of the class a chance to show what he can do.

The plot is chiefly concerned with the good-natured discomfiting of a little band of spiritualists, but it is concerned with so many things and there are so

many side issues, that any detailed description would take far more space than it is possible to give it here. The Zvezdintsef house, like the houses in most Russian plays and novels, is thickly and diversely populated. There is the family and their numerous friends, the hordes of servants who rush around doing nothing in particular, the peasants who wander about in threes, a vague man who strays in and goes to sleep on the top of the kitchen stove, a messenger who comes in to deliver a package and apparently settles down for the day. It is the sort of household which would not, I feel sure, appeal to the editor of *Good Housekeeping*, but certainly supplies the dramatist with a plentiful store of diversified types.

With the exception of the peasant scenes, which are played at a leisurely tempo, Mr. Hickman runs the play through at a breakneck speed. The characters run on and off and scamper up and down stairs. If the little actress who plays Tanya so pleasantly never becomes a star of the stage, she may easily become a star of the track team. The speech is in the same tempo. Some of it is so turbulent and swift as to be nearly incomprehensible. Mr. Hickman treats "The Fruits of Culture," and quite rightly, as farce rather than as comedy.

It is always interesting to watch the young actor on his first flight. The work of this year's freshman class seemed to me quite up to the average, perhaps above it. Some of the individual acting was quite good and some of it was quite bad, but it was brisk and businesslike. No one missed his cues or his entrances, no one forgot that he was part of an ensemble. All of this puts even the worst performance at the Little Theater—and this was very far from being a bad one—into a very different class from the usual amateur production.

#### THE ROAD TO PEACE

The nation is criminal which refuses arbitration and drives its adversary to a tribunal which knows nothing of righteous judgment.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

## "IS PITTSBURGH CIVILIZED?"

[Harper's Magazine recently published an article on this subject, written by R. L. Duffus which, after much misstatement and the exhibition of a total lack of background, answered the question negatively. George Ketchum makes a reply through the columns of The Pittsburgh Record which patiently and definitely shows what a false color was given to this great industrial and humanitarian empire by a free lance who was writing for money and cared not for facts when fiction was more profitable. The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE is glad to reprint in part Mr. Ketchum's very sensible and able reply to an audacious slander.]

AND Pittsburgh, which Mr. Duffus says is so selfish, so narrow, so bigoted, leads the country in philanthropy.

A large statement, this, but it is possible, I think, to back it with satisfactory proof. Most likely of all to dispute it are Pittsburghers themselves. Yet there is ample evidence by unbiased witnesses.

This question of philanthropy offers a convenient opportunity for taking issue with Mr. Duffus, because it is a field where we may consider facts rather than opinions. After all, such words as culture, religion, education, are relative, and so are open to endless argument without satisfactory conclusion. We may feel pleased with our present degree of culture; we may think that we read enough books, see enough pictures, do enough serious thinking, to put us on a reasonably high level of civilization; but that doesn't prevent Mr. Duffus from believing the contrary, and saying so. When he says, however, that successful Pittsburghers have, as a class, taken all that the city and the region have had to offer, and that their gifts in return have been mean and niggardly, he enters the realm of solid facts. And, as it happens, the facts are against him.

If you doubt the story of Pittsburgh's generosity, don't ask the average Pittsburgher. Ten to one he won't know, or will deny it. Ask, rather, the officers of national relief organizations, the presidents of colleges, the heads of mission bodies, the officials of alumni associations; all those, in short, who, because they have to get money, must know where to find givers. Ask them, and they will tell you that, in propor-

tion to its population, Pittsburgh has given more generously than any other city to war charities, to the relief societies which followed the War, to colleges and universities, to hospitals, to missionary causes, to church organizations, in this country and abroad.

Two years ago a national survey was made and published, which reported on the charitable propensities of all leading American cities. In that ranking Pittsburgh stood fourth in total giving. Only New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia were ahead of us; Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, and other larger cities were behind.

One American college in a foreign land gets, each year, more than half its total budget from Pittsburghers. Oberlin is today one of the wealthiest of American colleges, and it ranks so high because one Pittsburgher—Charles M. Hall, inventor of the process which made aluminum a commercial product—made it so. There are colleges in South Dakota, in Utah, in Tennessee, in North Carolina, and elsewhere, which wouldn't be alive today if it were not for the generosity of Pittsburghers.

In every national money-raising effort Pittsburgh has had a quota out of all proportion to its size; and almost invariably the city surpassed expectations. War-time charities, of course; every city passed its quota in those days; but Pittsburgh has done the same thing in quieter and calmer times. Representatives of every good cause come here, year in and year out, because they know that this is truly golden territory.

Carnegie is our best-known philanthropist, and some who are weak on history may tell you he is the only

great one Pittsburgh has produced. True, he gave away more money than all the citizens of most communities have given in all their history. But he had splendid precedents in our local annals, and there have been many to follow him.

More than half a century ago, before America acquired so much money that giving became general and fashionable, William Thaw was helping to establish and sustain colleges both in and out of Pittsburgh, backing Langley in his astronomical studies and aeronautical experiments, putting poor boys through college, and endowing hospitals.

Not alone because there is more money in Pittsburgh now, but also because our rich men and women have learned the satisfactions of giving, there are dozens of philanthropists today to every one of William Thaw's time. Noble and widespread as were Mr. Thaw's gifts in his day, he would find many here and now to equal him.

Twenty years ago, the worst criticism which could be leveled at the generosity of Pittsburghers was that their money was given outside the city, while local institutions struggled and starved. If that were true then, it is so no longer.

If, as Mr. Duffus says, our men of wealth "have never displayed the slightest trace of a sense of responsibility," they have chosen a peculiar way of showing their indifference to less fortunate humanity! In the past few years an even dozen of our large hospitals have obtained the money either for complete new plants or for substantial additions to existing buildings. In that same period, gifts have been made to the University for the Cathedral of Learning, for the Mellon Institute, for the Darlington Library, for the Heinz Chapel, and for numerous other purposes, in addition to the several units of the Medical Center. Large contributions have been made to the Carnegie Institute, to the Christian Associations, to the Hebrew Associations, to the Pennsylvania College for Women, to Duquesne University.

Churches have been built and endowed, settlement houses organized and expanded, institutions of all kinds have been fostered and strengthened, city planning has been developed to a degree comparable with almost any other American city.

Not the least significant of recent developments in this field of altruism is the creation of two great foundations by Henry Buhl and Maurice Falk, whose funds are to be spent entirely for social and civic betterment.

Outstanding also in this most recent period are the benefactions, during his lifetime as well as through his bequests, of H. C. Frick. Frick Park, notable for size as for beauty, is an enduring monument, as are his gifts to hospitals and other institutions. But perhaps his finest contribution to Pittsburgh was his provision, through the Educational Fund Commission, for the graduate training of hundreds of our school teachers. For years this work went on, and none of the beneficiaries knew who it was that made it possible. . . .

In most American cities, if a millionaire gives away money in car-load lots, the newspapers get advance releases and the latest studio photographs. Nor do his friends think the less of him for this. In Pittsburgh, on the other hand, the average large contributor would rather cancel his subscription than admit that he gave it. All of Pittsburgh's conservatism, its reserve, its self-control, its unwillingness to discuss personal business with the stranger, are distilled to the final essence in its charitable activities.

There are in Pittsburgh dozens of men and women whose total benevolences run into the hundreds of thousands, even the millions, and yet whose names are unknown outside their ordinary circles of friends, employees, and business acquaintances. We have at least two wealthy couples who give away, year in and year out, half their income, and often more than that; and no publicity with any of it. One of our finest citizens died a short time ago,



leaving three million dollars to charity, and he had given away perhaps even more in his lifetime; but he never allowed a fuss over such things while he was alive, and none was made after his death. . . .

So, after all, Pittsburghers probably will continue to make up their own minds as to whether they prefer their good deeds to be anonymous. But if we do intend to remain quiet, we should do it with the full knowledge that every once in a while somebody is going to come in from out of town and read the riot act to us—for the wages of modesty are abuse.

### SAINT GILLES DU GARD

THIS cast of the west portals of the Abbey church of Saint Gilles in the twelfth century is easily one of the most interesting as well as the most imposing examples in Architectural Hall, since it is the only reproduction of that work in the United States and was made expressly for the Carnegie Institute. Its weather-beaten coloring is so perfectly simulated that many visitors to the Hall are led to think it is the original.

It is undoubtedly the most beautiful of all the great Romanesque portals and is the culminating example of Provençal Romanesque. It further stands as the earliest instance of the union of the three doorways (of which only the center entrance is shown in the frontispiece) in a single composition, which came to be a characteristic feature of French Gothic west fronts. While the church itself was never entirely completed, the portals that remain today were probably under construction over a period of more than a hundred years, permitting many and varied medieval workers to ply their slow tools and indulge their creative fancies in stone. Careful scrutiny reveals a close following of classic Roman forms in the almost Corinthian capitals, the minor ornaments, and the bas-reliefs rich in the portrayal of early Biblical characters.

These portals have an added significance to those who know the pretty legend of Saint Gilles, from whom the church takes its name, and his lily-white hind. Good Saint Gilles, a hermit and priest in the solitary woods near Gard, was born in Greece and named Equidius, but during his youth he felt the insufficiency of the pagan Greek life, and crossing to Rome entered the priesthood. His missionary wanderings eventually led him westward into France. One day his sole companion, a lily-white hind, was struck by an arrow, twanged from the bow of the hunter king. Saint Gilles was so incensed at the king's cruelty to a helpless animal that he reproved him roundly. The king, in turn, was so contrite that he proposed to promote the building of a great church, with Saint Gilles as its guiding light. The white-haired recluse thus saw the church begun, and his piety has ever since been held up to posterity.

### MISSION OF THE LIBRARY

Dr. Dewey touched upon something which is very close to my own heart, namely, that we never can do much to educate the American people until we get them to give up the notion that education is given by schools and that it stops when school days are over. Schools are a device, more or less admirable and more or less effective, for the purpose of doing a certain thing at a certain time with a view to starting a movement which it is hoped will become permanent. The shopworn story of the college graduate who, grasping his diploma on Commencement Day, dashed out upon the campus and shouted, "Thank God, I am educated!" precisely represents the point of view of the average unreflecting person. The fact is, however, that not one man in a hundred is ever again so intellectually alert and so intellectually active as at about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. By that time he settles down into the humdrum of life, business, profession, what you will, and ceases to grow intellectually through lack of stimulus and through lack of personal initiative. The chief educational task of a democracy is to break up that habit, or, better yet, to keep it from forming. The emphasis must be put where it belongs, —not upon the school, which is a very subordinate and limited instrument, but upon the continued and permanent educational process which the individual must learn to carry on for himself through life. The library is the necessary and fundamental instrument for adult education.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER



#### THE DISAPPOINTING SENATE

THE American people breathed a sigh of relief when Congress adjourned on March 4, after many of its members had vainly striven to delay its necessary functions so that an extra session would be unavoidable. "I wonder," queried a meditative man, "if the British people cherish the same fearful apprehension of their Parliament that the American people hold toward our Congress?"

A fact which fastened itself upon the public mind more firmly than ever before was the deterioration of the United States Senate as a deliberative body. The adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment in 1913 took away the election of senators from the State legislatures and gave it to the people at large, like meat to hungry lions. This rash change in the original structure of the Constitution followed in the wake of Mr. Roosevelt's passionate advocacy of more democracy, before democracy had been educated for such a high function, and our senators are now nothing more than representatives at large, except that their terms run for six instead of two years. Instead of looking to the public opinion of their States for general approbation, they stand in fear of the unreasoning and emotional voters who can now so easily destroy a senatorial career.

It is reported to the Window that when a batch of socialistic measures was under debate at the recent Congressional session, a senator from a

southwestern State informed President Hoover that he was privately opposed to the entire program, but that the other senator from his State was so vociferous in his advocacy of it that he, the first senator, would be crucified by his people at home if he failed to go along.

This episode confirms the whole argument against this unfortunate change in the Constitution. Every government that has perpetuated itself for any prolonged period in human history has been sustained by two legislative chambers—a lower house, elected by the people; and an upper house, chosen in one way or another by the people's representatives.

The upper house in this country was expressly created to check the socialistic tendencies which have swept like an avalanche through Congress in this period of drouth and depression. The Seventeenth Amendment virtually destroyed the guiding wisdom which the Senate, if elected under the original practice, would have exercised on the whole populist scheme.

But the loss of the senatorial brake on bad legislation is not the only evil that has followed this constitutional change. In former times the Senate was a dignified, intellectual, and capable body, composed in the main of the men from each State who were eminently fitted for its work. But now the men elected by popular suffrage are the self-chosen office-seekers who in some cases lack every necessary qualification for

such service except a loud voice, and this voice they use in clamorous appeals until almost the whole time of the Senate is consumed with oratory which is intended to make the welkin ring.

Senator Gould, of Maine, whose term has just expired, is quoted in the newspapers as saying these words: "No sane business man should go into the United States Senate as long as that body is bedeviled with oratory. It's terrible!" And the Senate, being now more subject to the impulse of the people than the House, is much less conservative than the House, and its protective and restraining features have vanished.

And with the protective and restraining features gone, there has also vanished the ambition of poor but worthy men for this high office. The costs of election arising out of the primary system of choice—which is not really a popular choice because the politicians choose the candidates—have steadily risen until now, in some States, they are more than a million dollars. Corruption invariably goes hand in hand with mercenary politics, and liberty and security are both jeopardized. Is it not time to retrace our steps?

#### MILDER WINTERS

**E**VEN in Benjamin Franklin's time they were discussing the question as to whether the winters were growing milder. In a letter to Ezra Stiles, who was president of Yale from 1778 to 1795, Franklin, who had received an honorary degree from Yale, says:

I doubt with you that observations have been made with sufficient accuracy to ascertain the truth of the common opinion that the winters in America are grown milder; and yet I cannot but think that in time they may be so.

Snow lying on the earth must contribute to cool and keep cold the wind blowing over it. When a country is cleared of woods, the sun acts more strongly on the face of the earth. It warms the earth before snows fall, and small snows may often be soon melted by that warmth. It melts great snows sooner than they could be melted if they were shaded by the trees. And when the snows are gone, the air moving over the earth is not so much chilled.

#### ATTACKING THE PRESIDENT

The President succeeded on this occasion because he acted without sense and without restraint in a panorama which was gotten up more for the benefit of his party than for the glory of the nation and the honor of the dead.

We pass over the silly demands of the President. For the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of.

The above quotation is taken from an editorial which was printed in The Harrisburg Patriot and Union on November 24, 1863. The President referred to was Abraham Lincoln, and the "silly demands" were the impassioned appeals for peace and good will in the Gettysburg Address. How times change our perspective! The meeting at Gettysburg had been called to listen to an address by a renowned orator, Edward Everett. Mr. Everett spoke two hours and is forgotten, while the Lincoln speech, containing 271 words and lasting three minutes, has become the world's classic.

#### COLLEGE LIFE

**I**N America our colleges teach men the science of living, while the English colleges teach men the art of living. It would be a happy event if these two things might be combined.

#### GOVERNMENTS AND WHEAT

**T**HE United States Government has purchased a hundred million bushels of wheat at a cost around \$1.25 a bushel in order to make our farmers prosperous, only to see the price go down to fifty cents a bushel under the inexorable law of supply and demand. And they are still doing it, with all that grain rotting in the warehouses.

It looked like a good scheme to our European friends, and France immediately established a fiat price of \$2 a bushel, and the price went down in the same way. But the French parliament voted Mr. Steeg's government out of office, and common sense is now restored over there.

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- MARCH 21—"Schubert as a Symphonic Composer," Lenten lecture by Charles Heinroth. 8:15 P.M.  
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#### LECTURE HALL

- MARCH 22—"Iceland and Arctic Lapland," by Clyde Fisher. 2:15 P.M.  
MARCH 26—"By Dog Team to Hudson Bay," by W. E. Clyde Todd. 8:15 P.M.  
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#### FOR CHILDREN

- MARCH 21—"The Origin of Some of Our Domestic Animals," by E. Alfred Wolf. 2:15 P.M.  
MARCH 28—"Some Pennsylvania Birds," by Ralph A. Waldron. 2:15 P.M.

### RADIO TALKS

[Broadcast over WCAE on Monday evenings at 7:15 under the direction of the Zoology Department of the University of Pittsburgh and the Educational Section of the Carnegie Museum. The programs are part of a new series, "Man Learns to Live," given by members of the science staffs of the University and the Museum.]

- MARCH 23—"Are All Living Things Alike?" by Robert T. Hance, head of the Department of Zoology, University of Pittsburgh.  
MARCH 30—"Why Do We Eat?" by Dr. Hance.  
APRIL 6—"How Do We Feel?" by Dr. Hance.  
APRIL 13—"On Your Mark," by Dr. Hance.

### PRESIDENT WILSON ON PANICS

You have only to examine any financial crisis to see that the moral elements predominate in it and determine its character. A financial crisis does not arise because of a sudden there is less money or less property or less capacity in the community, but because trust has received a sudden chill; and confidence is chilled not always because men have been too hopeful, because they have expected impossible things and have acted rashly in the heat of a speculative fever, but more often because the hopefulness of the time has been taken advantage of by men who deliberately trade in what they know to be of no value, because, amidst a multitude of legitimate undertakings, illegitimate, fraudulent proposals are plausibly commended to those who are for the moment excited by seeing everything turn to gold under their touch. This is but another way of saying that knowledge and honesty are the ballast of all business and that character is the only safeguard against disaster.

—WOODROW WILSON, Founder's Day, 1903

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